



SPAUN, KELLY & WHIPPLE,

—DEALERS IN—

Mantels, Grates and Tile.
Encaustic Art and Floor Tiles.
For Public and Private Building.

Banks, Halls, and Dining Rooms, &c., a
Specialty.

(Correspondence solicited.)

No. 233 North Main st., in building formerly occupied by Wichita Wholesale Grocery.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

SWAB & GLOSSER.
Finest Tailors.
206 MAIN STREET.

Motor Line Addition.

Henry Schweiter.

I have opened an office first door west of the New Carey Hotel, where can be found plats and prices on my property along the Motor Line, which is now being built to the southeast part of the city. Prices reasonable & terms easy.

H. SCHWEITER

Maverick National Bank

BOSTON, MASS.
CAPITAL \$400,000.
SURPLUS \$600,000

Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Corporations so listed.
Our facilities for Collections are excellent and we discount for banks when balances warrant it. Boston is a branch city and business with it from banks not located in other Reserve Cities—count as a reserve.
We draw our own Exchange on London and the Continent and make cash transfers and place money throughout the United States and Canada. Government bonds bought and sold, and Exchange on Washington made for banks without extra charge.
We have a market for prime first-class Investment Securities, and invite proposals from States, Cities and Cities when buying bonds.
We do a general banking business and invite correspondence. A. F. POTTER, President.
J. W. WORK, Cashier.

SIX - 6 - PER CENT - 6 - SIX
\$150,000
To Loan on Sedgwick County Farms at 6 per cent interest.
156 HARRIS & CO.
110 E Second St., Wichita, Kan.

S. S. MILLER,
REAL ESTATE.

114 Main St., Room 4,
Wichita, Kan.

ADDINGTON & SMITH,
Real Estate Agents,
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COME AND SEE US.

EYB, HAN
SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

E. Y. MUNSELL, M. D.,
Proprietor and Surgeon in Charge,
North Main Street.

W. H. STERNBERG,
Contractor and Builder
Office and Shop 349 Main St.

OLIVER BROS.,
Lumber Dealers
Wichita, Kansas.

H. McKim Du Bois,
ABSTRACTER

SANTA FE BAKERY
Established 1879.

REKARDT & SCOTT, PHOT.
144 MAIN STREET

MONEY

At Lowest Rates and Ready for
Borrowers

—AT ONCE—
S. W. COOPER,

LITTLE DICK.

Poor old Widow Loring! A hard time she had of it. Her husband, a rowdy and the bully of the settlement, had given up the ghost some time prior to the breaking out of the war, and left her with five sons and one frail daughter to the mercies of a cold and cruel world.

"Aunt 'Mima,' we were taught to call her, was a gaunt and grizzled specimen of a cracker woman, uncouth in dress, uncultured in speech, but a true, loyal, and never upturned the least dignity of motherhood to the seared and old gruff streaked heart of Aunt 'Mima' Loring.

She had had trouble when her husband was alive. She had spent many a sleepless night when her neglected lord was indulging in the wild orgies of the crossroads grocer's biggest crooked. Every time the great old would hoot from his perch in the great pine tree in the lonely woods her heart would leap and she would expect to hear the rough "hello!" at the gate from some half drunken companion come to tell her that Ebenezer was killed or badly hurt.

Of the boys there was young Eben, hale and hearty, the image of his father, when the first Aunt 'Mima' danced with him at the party after the quilting and log rolling day, so long ago. Mack came next, a stout, comely lad, very much reserved, and almost industrious. Riley was tall and slender, like his mother, and the youngest, a little Dick, a sort of follow in disposition. Hamp came fourth among the boys, but Betty was older than he. Hamp was a blockhead, stupid sort of lad, fond of trapping for birds and fishing in Grand lake, as the big, black swamp back of the little plantation, was called. And then there was Little Dick.

When the war came Eben, Mack and Riley had all grown up to manhood, and might have supported their mother handsomely, but their father's shiftless career seemed to militate against them, and they generally came out at the end of the year with scarce enough to eat, and the yellow cover pots and the stringy potatoes were hardly equal to the emergency of straightening out the lean flanks of the few bundles of bone and bristle, known as "piney woods roosters," and sometimes mistaken for hogs.

Nevertheless, by the aid of the good mother, and the steady holding up of a sister, they managed to live. Then came the war. Aunt 'Mima' and Betty spun and wove the cloth from which Eben's first uniform of gray mixed cloth was made, and the strong, sturdy fellow was not sorry that he had a chance of "glitting" out of her hands.

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DOES POLLY

Time was hard in Georgia. They were desperate in the piney woods. Hungry, low eye women went from house to house asking aid. A few slaveholders had corn and they gave it out in small quantities to the most needy. Sometimes bands of desperate women attacked a barn or commissary and carried off the contents. Rob the most docile animal of her young, slay her mate and then starve her, and see if the nerved faculties do not gradually, but surely, concentrate into the one wild instinct of self preservation.

Poor old Aunt 'Mima! She would leave Betty at home and walk miles across the desolate pine woods to secure the crackings from the plantation fat gourd or a little drizzle of molasses in the old brown jug where Ebenezer used to keep the "spirits."

I remember seeing the good woman once, a few days after the crackings and a sherry piece of dried beef in her apron, and that jug under her arm. She had walked five miles, starting early, to secure these, and was now on her return, and two miles yet from home. The molasses had fermented under the heat of a July sun, and the cornbrot stopper had leaked out, and the foaming liquid was running out.

Do you suppose she let a drop go to waste? No, she caught it on her lean finger and licked the finger greedily, and talked of Mack and Little Dick.

"I haint got time (swipe) to stop a minute, but I have let a little go, and I do look so pitiful (lick) to see it go to waste, (swipe) an' them 'ol' children sufferin' (lick) fur sumkin, y' gimme a loathse speck (swipe) taller guess to put in it (lick) to keep 'em from a-worin'!"

And then she sat down on the doorstep to rest a while, while the jug cooled.

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